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Price, 10 Cents.

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

PuCK

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KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

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OFFICE OF "PUCK" 23 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

THE NEW EXODUS.

SAMBO:—"Now, boss, how you like it you' self?"

BAIER, MERNEL & OTTMANN, LITHOG 23-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

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Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

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KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

The proprietors of P U C K take pleasure in announcing that they have succeeded in making arrangements with

MR. JOHN FRASER,

Author of

"Effie: a Tale of Two Worlds;" "Essays from the Westminster;" "Duncan Fenwick's Daughter;" "Fair Fragoletta;" "Scot-
tish Chapbooks;" "A Dream of a Life;" "Legends
of Lorne;" "Lone Glengartney,"
etc., etc., etc.,

for the publication of a fascinating romance written expressly and exclusively for P U C K , and entitled:

ARCHIE GASCOWNE:

A ROMANCE OF SKYE.

Mr. Fraser's novel, which begins in the next number, will traverse much of the ground made familiar to all lovers of fiction in the popular Scotch novels of Mr. William Black. The plot is one of great freshness and interest, and the scene shifts from the Scottish Hebrides to Long Island and New York. The author is so well known, both here and in the mother country, as a brilliant journalist and a keen, conscientious and thoroughly-equipped critic, that we need do no more than thus formally introduce him to secure for him, by anticipation, the interest of our readers.

THE NEW FXODUS.

We don't know whether or no you have observed it; but the late war left the chivalric Southron in a deplorable condition.

If his house was not taken away from him by a cruel and centralizing despotism, his own guerrillas had certainly left it unfit for habitation; and the aforesaid C. and C. D. had gone so far as to take the prop that did sustain his house—namely, the able-bodied black man, before that time held and regarded as a chattel, in the sweat of whose brow the chivalric Southron earned his bread.

Of this valuable investment the palmetto cavalier found himself bereft when that cruel

war was over. And with the everlasting nigger had gone his commercial credit and his political supremacy. He had no money, and sympathizing Britain, his only ally, wasn't lending any, just at that period. To beg he was ashamed; besides it would have been a waste of time. He found himself reduced to that sternly unromantic financial basis known in the Great West as "hard pan;" and it looked woefully as if the Haughty Southron would have to work.

But that would never do! What! bend his aristocratic back to labor like Northern mud-sills? Raise cruel callouses on the tender palms unused to any exercise save the playful wielding of the slave-whip? Soil with sweat and dust the brow sacred to the kiss of Slave-holding Independence? Never would he do it.

And he didn't.

With wits sharpened by the unpleasantness of the situation, he looked about him; and a gigantic idea took form in his unreconstructed brain.

He gathered around him the millions whom he had held in slavery. They formed a nation in themselves. They had been freed, by much shedding of blood; by a terrible expenditure of the vital forces of the nation. Their emancipation had cost the country a generation of young men, and a loss in money not to be made up in half a century: it had jeopardized every commercial interest; and unsettled all relations with foreign governments.

At this price they had been made free.

But the Chivalrous Southron saw that their freedom could be unmade, at no cost—to him. He reasoned:

"These men are free only in name. They have their political rights; but they do not know how to use them. They have been for two centuries in the possession of my people. We have taken good care to keep them ignorant and poor; to get them into dependent and unmanly ways of thinking and acting. They are now nothing more than a pack of children. Why can not I so work on their helplessness and ignorance as to make them quite as serviceable to me in their freedom as they were in their time of servitude?"

There was no reason why he couldn't; and he did.

He found that it cost him less to employ these poor wretches and pay them nominal wages than it did to board and lodge and clothe them in "the good old days." He found that he could get them to work at rates of payment that would have disheartened Chinamen, by making a coalition with his neighbors, and so breaking the market that the victim had to take his choice between starvation wages and starvation without wages. He found, moreover, that by making himself the negro's banker, his grocer, his clothier and his pawnbroker, he could get back every dollar he paid out in wages—get it back, and keep it.

And having made these remarkable discoveries, there is small need of saying that he took the fullest possible advantage of them. The new plan involved the labor of management at one end, and the contamination of plebeian trade at the other; but then it was remunerative; and the peculiar characteristic of Southern Chivalry is that it has always succeeded in making itself a paying institution.

Of course, the end had to come. The negro got tired of gilt-edged slavery. After fourteen years, the mere name of Freedom, even, began to work in him like a mighty leaven.

And now he has taken his banjo over his shoulder, and shaken the dust of Egypt off his big honest feet, and set out to see what the Kansas farmer will do for him.

Which must be a jolly pleasant thing, by the way, for that—what d'ye call it?—oh!—Democratic majority at Washington.

Puckerings.

THE Pope, too, is a Boss toe nian.

A BROWN dog—A ba-ker. Alsoan Och-chre.

SCHNEIDER sighs in vain as yet for "loaferly Spring."

THERE'S to be an organ-grinding match in Baxter Street.

He who "lays over" his competitors cannotaze over his work.

"ALL's well that ends swell," but how about a wasp-stung nose?

WHY should the wild waves be saying "Sister" the whole day long? Siest Du?

On dit, that the Herald is to appear shortly as a reliable paper devoted to facts.

WIDOW OLIVER plays little Buttercup in a "Pinafore" company this fall, but Simon won't be Captain.

A LISPING Bowery "barker" for a clothing store tells passing pedestrians, "Clothing out at half price inside."

ALL the Governors in the U. S. have pledged themselves to employ females to take the place of their coachmen.

"We will Gather by the River" is the song of the unemployed alien as he strikes a bee-line for Castle Garden.

Two men commence a ten days starving match in Boston next week. The one who gives in first is to cry "Beans."

You can serve but one master faithfully. Who stands between two lights casts two shadows. This isn't funny, but doesn't it strike you as damn philosophical?

IT is well sometimes to make a convenience of people you don't particularly like—when you are trying experiments, for instance. If you are not certain that you can hit the nail on the head, you must not ask your friend to hold it for you.

EVERY girl in the country should send 35 cents to the eminent skyologist who promises to forward "by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage." The money could be saved many times over by marking the next batch of underclothing with the prospective post-nuptial initials.

"IN committing suicide the man about to die for love will aim at the heart, where his trouble is. The insane man will shoot at his head."—New Orleans Picayune. Where the trouble is, eh? Then the fellow who has just been kicked out of the house by his darling's stern parent, if he wants to make a sure thing of it, will have to hire somebody else to suicide him. Aind't it?

NOTICE.

No. 9 (issue of May 7, 1877), No. 14 (issue of June 14, 1877), No. 26 (issue of September 5, 1877), No. 53 (issue of March 13, 1878), and No. 57 (issue of April 10, 1878), of P U C K will be bought at this office, 21 & 23 Warren Street, at 25 cents per copy.

OUR THOROUGHFARES.

We are a great city.
There is no denying it.
For Dog Shows, and Walking Matches, and Police-Clubbing Tournaments, we, in the language of our own street-boys, take the cake.

We are a great city for everybody but pedestrians—that is, amateur pedestrians. We generally manage to give the professional walkers a good show.

But the citizen walker—the plain perambulator—the trotter without trimmings—what is his chance in the Streets of New York?

Let us see.

Let us take the case of Mr. Smith, gentleman of leisure, who goes out for a walk for the constitutional which is a positive necessity to the well-being of his liver—the hereditary liver of the Smiths.

He has scarcely left his own door-step when his light trousers are begrimed with the coal, which is going down his neighbor's chute. And as he retires to a corner to brush them, he thinks sadly of what he has been told by his friend from Birmingham, England.

"They don't do that kind of thing, ye know, in any really swell English cities. Always have our coals delivered at certain hours, ye know, and it's quite the correct thing to 'ave 'em fetched in bahgs, ye know!"

Then Mr. Smith goes on his way, and, after stopping at his hatter's to replace the new Springtile knocked into oblivion by a half a hod-full of bricks dropping, like the gentle rain from heaven, off the top of a six-story building, he reaches Union Square, and fights his way through a crowd of curbstone speculators in shawl pins, ballads, matches, and comic cards, and shapes his course for down-town, to rub his rheumatic shins on a myriad skids, which also, he has the consolation of knowing from his Birmingham friend, are under the municipal ban in all European cities which have the slightest pretensions to being the correct cheese.

Arrived in Fulton Street, he decides on going over to Brooklyn for a stroll in Beechertown, and turns through the market. Here he notes, with gratification and amusement, the spectacle of an old lady who looks like a boarding-house mother-in-law tilted and carted off by a hand-truck, as neatly and artistically as if she were a keg of prime mess beef. But just here he himself is called back to the harsh realities of life by a leg of mutton heaved gently in his face.

This induces him to hasten his progress towards West Street, where he joins a long procession of weary wayfarers, who are waiting for a possible break in the closely packed lines of vehicles which prefer West Street and each other's company to a solitary and unimpeded line of travel on one of the parallel thoroughfares. Here he stands, with his fellow-pilgrims, for a pleasant half-hour, and glancing up and down the long avenue sees similar crowds at every crossing, looking like a mass-meeting of models for a proposed statue of "Patience on a Curbstone, Cussing at the Condition of the Streets."

The end of it is that Smith doesn't go to Brooklyn. He returns to the comparative safety and comfort of his humble home by way of the dry-goods quarter, where he has to squeeze between the cases over which he cannot climb.

Then he tells his wife—being a patient and long-suffering citizen of New York—that he has had a pleasant little walk.

Now, Smith, a gentleman of leisure, a man whose time is his own, who is, so to speak, a horse at grass, withdrawn from the race for wealth, can stand this sort of thing very well.

But how about the workers? The tired seamstresses, hurrying to and from their work-



EASTER.

SEASON by old legends hallowed
Made holy by fond tales of every creed;
When the young year first treads a blossoming mead;

As Spring from out the snow-drifts lifts her head!

In your sweet time the pagan gods are fed

With cates symbolic. Jewish rabbis read

Old songs of praise for grateful Israel freed:

And Christians chant Christ risen from the dead.

Now Leda, sweetly smiling on her Swan

Breaks Cupid's Easter Egg. And one more vile

Is foully hatched by politicians fat.

Now the poor tenant moveth wearily on:

The young man getteth him a vernal tile

And wooeth the maiden in the new spring hat.

shops, to make the most of the golden hours of daylight—the over-worked clerks—the anxious men-of-business—the physicians on their errands of life and death—the great mass of earnest folk who have somewhere to go, and are trying to go there? Have they no rights—well, we won't say rights: none of us in this city, except Captain Williams and Anthony Comstock, have any rights—but have they no claim to consideration, or at least to pity?

Pity—that is what we want. Have some pity on us, O gentlemen of the municipal government, our lords and masters. You have the glorious privilege of forming rings and stealing our money, to your heart's content; nobody questions your high and holy prerogatives of idleness and peculation; we let you do as you please, and pay you well for doing it.

But do us this much grace—take a little mercy on our shins and our hats and our stomachs. Our pockets are open unto you—at least spare our toes. You crowd us out of our parks, and you shut up our beer-gardens on Sunday; let us at least promenade freely around our city on working-days. We cannot all take our exercise in Gilmore's Garden; some of us would like to walk on Broadway or Fifth Avenue. Take our gold and our liberties, O rulers, but give us Our Thoroughfares.

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

MATRIMONIAL.

THERE was a young fellow of Rome
Who stayed all the night from his home,
In the morning his fair
Just fixed up his hair
With a broomstick instead of a comb.

TROJAN.

A CITIZEN living at Troy,
Was accounted a "broth of a boy,"
But he came to New Yawk,
And after his talk
Was nothing but "What d'yer soy."

CLERICAL.

SAID preacher T. to preacher B.,
"They tell me that you rant, sir."
"They lie! and if you wish for proof—
Well—as I can't, I cant, sir."

A. H.

HIBERNIAN.

THE Fenian said with tragic mien,
"I'll die for my opinion,
But never yield." He took morphine.
He's now a still morephinian.

SLOWCUS.

FOR DOING HIS DUTY.

WE observe, with regret, that several small politicians and a few musical, but injudicious gentlemen of the Arion Society have seen fit to give Captain Schwensen a reception at the City Hall.

Schwensen? Captain Schwensen? The name seems familiar—but who is Schwensen?

Don't you remember? Captain of the *Pomerania*.

Now you recall him—the officer in charge of that unfortunate ship that went down a little while ago, carrying a cargo of human beings from the night of this world to a darker night.

You remember the circumstances. How there were accusations of mismanagement and cowardice; how these accusations were duly investigated, and proven false, in so far as they touched the commander or his staff; how it appeared that this Captain Schwensen was a brave, honest and competent sailor, who met with very hard luck through no fault of his own, and who was cool and manly in the hour of danger, doing all that in him lay to lessen the awful consequences of a disaster for which no one cared to hold him responsible.

This much, you remember, you found out at the time, and so, pitying the man, and respecting his misfortune, you thought it an act of decency and good feeling to try to forget his name and disassociate him, in your mind, from the calamity which cannot pass from memory.

That is, you thought so, right-thinking, sensible reader; we thought so; everybody, apparently, thought so, except this little handful of politicians and these very enthusiastic and musical gentlemen from the Arion Society.

And now they have "received" the captain who lost the ship; invited him to the City Hall; presented him with the "expression of their esteem"; sung to him and slobbered over him, and generally done their best to revive in the public mind that ghastly picture of panic-struck sailors, helpless passengers, night and darkness and death.

Why?

Of what benefit is this to Captain Schwensen? Is he a dishonest politician who needs whitewashing; or a treacherous and lecherous cleric whose peccadilloes call for a vote of love and confidence from his devoted congregation? No. He is only an unfortunate honest man, to whom silence and forgetfulness should be the kindest gifts the world could give him.

To make much of him for losing his ship is to call to mind the fact that the ship was lost. To praise him for doing his duty is to intimate that such action was not looked for from him. To congratulate him on his misfortune is to add to it.

The Ocean was kinder than his friends to Captain Schwensen.

THE ELOPEMENT.—A TALE.

Their parents said
They must
Not wed.

Quoth he,
"Let's fly
To par-
Son nigh."
Quoth she,
"Aye! Aye!"

One night
She rose,
Took her
Best clothes,
While Pop
Did doze.

From win-
Dow ope
There hung
A rope,
By which
To slope.

Without
A sound
She reached
The ground,
Her lov-
Er found.

They fled,
Were wed;
All's said.

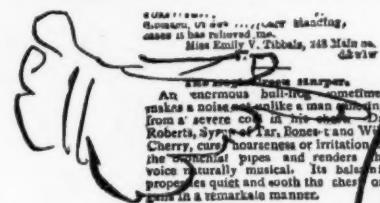
ARTHUR LOT.

LECTURE,
"ULTIMATE AMERICA,"
BY REV. JOSEPH COOK.

[BY OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.]

GLADSTONE says, and I repeat it boldly and fearlessly, that twelve is more than eleven!!! I am in the presence of scholars [approving nod from the scholars], and it is with bated breath I make this statement. Bear it well in mind, for on this it is that I base the astounding ideas TO BE ADVANCED THIS EVENING!!!!!! As I sat in my study in Water Street, in BOSTON, not a long while since, holding in right hand a long and affectionate letter from Dickens—no, he's dead—from Caesar—not from him either, but from Thomas Carlyle, in my left hand a copy of that vile, filthy and vulgar sheet, the New York *World*, I mused as became ME to muse. I REPEAT, AND DARE A SUCCESSFUL CONTRADICTION, I MUSED over the dead of my generation. Beside the graves of that generation let us muse. [All muse.] CESAR'S EMPIRE WAS NOT AS LARGE AS THE UNITED STATES!!!! Oh, Ultimate, Ultimate America. Beside the graves of the departed and fast thinning generation I say this. YET WHO DARE CONTRADICT?!!!!!! In a recent conversation with Ruth, Hayes and Carl Schurz, Hayes said that as soon as Conkling and Blaine were arrested, imprisoned, or banished, all would be well. The other day, while enjoying a social game of seven-up with that pure and gentle poet, Jim Lowell, I said, "Jim, let's take a drink." Tears bedimmed his gentle and pure orbs, as in faltering accents he replied: "I'm your huckleberry." DOES THIS NOT PROVE THAT AS WE HAVE GREAT RIVER SYSTEMS, WE MUST, AND I SAY IT BOLDLY, HAVE PLENTY OF WATER!!!!!! Ah! Ultimate, Ultimate America. By the grave of the departed let us muse. Carlyle, Macaulay, Mills, Gladstone, Huxley, Tyndall, Tom. Paine, Webster, Jefferson (all friends of mine), from the dim and shadowy dimness of the misty dim distance, beckon us on in this noble road. I FOR ONE, THOUGH ALONE AND FRIENDLESS, SHALL FOLLOW IN THEIR FOOTSTEPS! I AM A LONE ORPHAN AND MY STRONG RIGHT ARM IS GONE (caused by the f. t. g.—fast thinning generation). YET, I SAY RIGHT HERE, I AM PROUD OF AMERICA, AND HAD RATHER BE AN AMERICAN, CONTEMPTIBLE AS WE ARE, THAN TO BE AN AFRICAN!!!! [Thunder upon thunder of applause for the man's boldness.] By the graves of the f. t. g. let us muse. Ah! Ultimate, Ultimate, Ultimate America. I shudder to think of you in the year 12326. Yet I give no date. I could if I would, but time forbids, say in ten or twelve thousand years, with the population 927 to the square-inch. I shudder [all the scholars shudder] to think of the crowding there will be. I SAY IT BOLDLY, THERE WOULD THEN BE A CROWD!!!! [All the scholars admit it.] Some of my hearers

Section of a Country Exchange of Paragraphic Tendencies.



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LULU GOES TO FIGHT THE ZULU.



This is Lulu of Chiselhurst,
Filled with a noble battle-thirst.



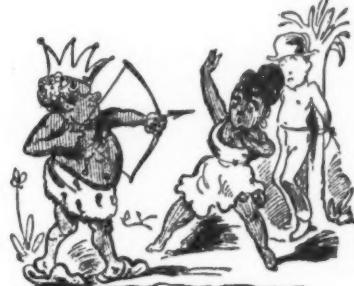
Now, at the Cape arriving, he
Swills the native Port quite free.



And when at night-time sleeps the lad,
They wrap him in a Highland plaid.



One night, in spite of guard and wrap,
The Zulus steal the little Nap.



But he is saved from being hashed
By having the King's daughter mashed.



And duly wed and settled down,
He is tattooed a nice rich brown.



And now, while sleeping in the dew
Two brawny Scotchmen rescue Lu.



Now he brings back across the water
Quenched thirst and Cetewayo's daughter.



And now, divorced from his bride,
He sits in state Mama beside,
And holds at Chiselhurst a "Court of France,"
Tattooed, to keep him, as it were, in countenance.

DAMME, IT'S TOO BAD.

SAVANNAH, April 8th, '79.

"What's too bad?"
Why, the infernal consequences.
You can't look at a man but it's "Hardly
Ever."

You can't speak to a party without evoking
a wretched pun afore you know it on "Pinafore."

Everybody whistles it.

The darkies sing it.

The dogs howl it.

Again with the gallant Corcoran I exclaim,
"Damme, it's *too bad*."

Where do Gilbert and Sullivan expect to die
when they go to?

Can't Congress do anything? Won't Talmage tackle it?

It's an outrageous, fanfaronading burlesque
on our limited stock of patience.

Can you wonder that men shoot each other
recklessly when you learn that three "Pinafore"
companies are loose in the Southern States?

Are we a nation or are we to rise to indignation?

Tantalus had a "soft job," comparatively.
Job's condition was a sweet unconsciousness
in contrast. "What fools these mortals be."
PUCK, you are a brick—but don't patronize
these "Pinafore" jokers.

Lastly, Damme, it's too demnitton bad.

LEM. E. C.

FIAT WISDOM,
FROM OTTAWA, KANSAS.

A MAN learning to play the cornet interests
all the neighbors—in a horn.

OLD Noah ought to have been a good poker
player. Held pairs amazingly.

THE spring-poetry machine should be re-
versed. Present style of verse too old.

NO MATTER how much activity there may be
about a bank, it's a loan-some institution.

To be virtuous may be to be happy, but
Happiness spreads her wings when a double-
barreled watering-cart scores a bull's-eye on
one's new spring trousers.

THE telegraph is yet an infant.—*Boston Post*.
But a very wiry one.—*Phila. Bulletin*. And
well posted.—*Free Press*. And well conducted.
—*Chicago Herald*.—All because its progenitor
was always in-so-late.

A WESTERN paper wants to know "where the
next world's fair will be held?" I don't pro-
fess to know much about the next world, but
in these diggings Sunday night is the favorite
time for holding this world's fair.

ELLIS M. CLARK.

FIRST CLASS IN GEOGRAPHY.

SCENE—a street corner.

A benevolent gentleman of mature age
putting questions to a bright eyed little news-
boy.

BENEVOLENT GENT.—And so you're eight
years old and go to school? Good boy. And
what do you learn there?

NEWSBOY.—I learns 'ritin' and 'rithmetic and
joggerphy.

BENEVOLENT GENT.—That's good. Now,
let us see what you know in geography and I'll
buy a paper of you. Where's Washington?

NEWSBOY.—Washington? Why, up in Union
Square.

BENEVOLENT GENT.—Well, well, that's so.
On hor eback I suppose you mean. Now,
where's London?

NEWSBOY.—Lundun? That's up in the
Bowery.

BENEVOLENT GENT.—Very good, indeed,
my little fellow. Here's two cents. You may
keep the paper. Only be sure to continue
faithfully in the paths of learning, and you will
unquestionably achieve fame and fortune.

NEWSBOY.—Yes, sir. Thankee.

HOP deferred maketh the heart sick, but
when, in the fullness of time and plenitude of
unripe fruit, hope becomes a reality, how about
the stomach?

A POPULAR POEM AND A VARIATION THEREON.

MY CHILD'S QUESTION.

"**P**APA, what made you go to war?"
Said Jennie, climbing from a chair
Upon my lap, "what did you for?"
And then she hugged me like a bear.
"Cause if you hadn't gone, you see,
You'd have two legs to canter me."

"Why, child, I went because—and then
I stopped to think. Of course I knew;
I'd often told her brother Ben
When the recital thrilled me through.
And still she urged, "What did you for?
Papa, what made you go to war?"

I looked abroad. The black were free,
But voiceless, voiceless, filled with woe,
Slaves of their masters seemed to be
As much as twenty years ago.
She said, "And what did Uncle Dorr
Get killed in front of Richmond for?"

A rifle-club went wheeling by;
I saw the murdered Chisholm's ghost;
I heard the Hamburg martyrs' cry—
The rebel yell—the vaunting boast;
I saw the wounds of patriot dead;
"What made you go?" my Jennie said.

"My dear," I said—but nothing more,
For, glancing through the Senate walls,
The rebel generals had the floor,
And ruled the nation's council halls!
"Papa," she urged, "why did you go?"
"My child," I said, "I do not know."

MR. LORNE AND THE CANADIANS.

WE hope we are not advertising Mr. Governor Lorne to a much more considerable extent than he is fairly entitled to on his merits; but we are consoled by the thought that if ever he succeeds in occupying a niche in the Temple of Fame, he will have us to thank for the immortality secured. And PUCK always feels happy when he is conscious of having done a deserving fellow creature a good turn.

The low-necked excitement having temporarily subsided, Mr. Lorne is now at loggerheads with his subjects, because his idea of constitutional government does not exactly coincide with theirs.

These unfortunate Canadians are exceedingly difficult to please, and it is little short of providential that they have amongst them such an excellent young man, whose united vast experience, amiability and gorgeous intellect can put things to rights with amazing celerity.

Of what, then, have our brother blue-noses to complain?

They have had King Log, and with King Log and Stork combined they are not happy.

A young gentleman of Mr. Lorne's calibre, descended from an old though not altogether reputable Scottish Highland family, who, a few hundred years ago, ran about in their native wilds in a garment consisting solely of a not ultra liberal amount of kilt about their loins, must necessarily have a more profound knowledge of the science of government than any other decently bred Briton of respectable parts, but not the happy possessor of so questionably glorious a genealogical tree.

Another grand governing quality which stands out in bold relief in his character is that he is the husband of a so-called royal princess, not by any means a bad sort of young woman, although of a family in every way inferior to his own.

MY CHILD'S QUESTION.

"**P**APA, what made you go to jail?"
Said Jennie, climbing from a chair
Upon my lap; "Had you no bail?"
And then she hugged me like a bear.
"Cause if you hadn't gone, you see,
You might have staid at home with me."

"Why, child, I went because—and then
I stopped to think. Of course I knew;
I'd never told her brother Fenn,
And fain from her would keep it, too.
And still to urge she did not fail,
"Papa, what made you go to jail?"

I looked abroad. I saw some games
For growing rich I might have played—
How Packard, Kellogg, Moses, Ames,
And Chamberlain the South betrayed.
She said: "And why in murderer's tomb
Now sleeps dear Uncle Hogeboom?"

I saw the broken Freedman's Bank,
Saw Christian Statesmen's ill-got pelf;
And thought with many a blankity-blank,
Why hadn't I gone South myself?
"What made you go to jail?" said she,
"You should have staid at home with me."

"My dear," I said—but nothing more,
For, glancing round with watering mouth,
I saw how men might steal galore
With perfect safety—from the South.
"Why did you go to jail?" said she;
"My child, I was an ass, you see!"

SIVAD.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

LXXXIV.

ANOTHER SPECIES OF AMERICAN CAD.



Ya-as, I aw wathah, last week, dwew a hornet's nest about my aw ears by weferwing in such wemarkably stwong language to the fellaws who make themselves confoundedly wediculous by twyng to ape the mannahs of well-bwed Englishmen such as Jack and I are.

Aw their idiosyncwases wouldn't be so verwy much out of the way if they only could manage to appwoach in a fwational part of a degwee the corwect aw standard of which Jack Carnegie and I are such glorwious wepwesentatives. But aw that's positively quite out of the question.

The particular Amerwican charwactah on whose peculiawtities I am desirwous of enlarging is not the fellow who makes himself an outwageous Merwie Andrew by endeavorwing to dwess like an Englishman, but the fellow who unnaturwally pwides himself on being an Amerwican, and who, by his pwonounced mannahs and odious method of attirwing himself, is a gweat deal maw vulgah and objectionable than the othah fellow.

This individual is also extwemely stwong in numbahs at the clubs. He has choice cwops of oaths, dwinks Amerwican spirwits at verwy fwewquent intervals durwing the aw day and night, wears, as a wule, horwibly large diamond studs—always an invarwiable indication of the extwemest degwee of vulgawtity in a fellow, unless he is a Shah of Persia, or a Sultan of Turkey, or some othah Orwiental swell, who can scarcely be expected to know bettah.

The clothes of this species of Amerwican cad are generwally cut in a verwy angular mannah. The lappels of his ovahcoat wesemble verwy large flaps and wun stwaight up and down.

The fellow always looks twim and aw clean and neat enough, but it is not the aw twimness of a gentleman with a wewined mind.

But what can yer expect of fellaws who are not Englishmen? And I must weally give these Amerwicans cwedit faw doing the best they can undah the distwessing circumstances of their not being born undah Bwitian wule.

The Amerwican fellow I am now endeavorwing to descwibe makes considerwable affectation and pwetension to generwosity and liberwality; but he has in weality no such desirwable qualities, faw Jack says he only appawrently spends his gweenbacks fwewly when he can do it befaw a lot of othah fellaws, to let them weemain undah the impwession what a d-d-doosid fine and wick fellow he is.

I don't admire the mannah in which this descwiptiow of fellaws tweats ladies. It's twue he takes off his hat and b-b-bows, but he is aw wude in his demeanor and the weverse of deferwential, and often speaks woughly and vulgahly of them befaw othah fellaws in the club and elsewhere. And then, above all, he wears a long loose watchguard, which nearly weaches to his stomach and allows the locket hanging to it to wattle against his waistcoat buttons. He fwewquently looks as if he were going to tumble ovah the chain. And if he is a membah of a militia wegiment, he sometimes sticks a small bwass plate on his coat, that a fellow may know he is a militawy man.

I shall weturn to this interwesing subject verwy soon. What I have said will do by way of intwoduction aw.

With these facts in view, we fail to see how he could make a mistake if he wanted to. The King—we beg pardon—Mr. Lorne can do no wrong. Nevertheless, the sooner Mr. Lieutenant-Governor Letellier receives notice to quit, the healthier it wili be for Mr. Lorne generally. It will put him in a proper frame to give up the Canadian people as a bad job, and to resume his equivocal position at the English court, where he will be much more in his element.

One word more and we will reluctantly leave for the present Mr. Lorne, his low-necks and his pet Lieutenant-Governor Letellier.

We understand that Mr. Lorne possesses strong literary tastes, and this information is confirmed from the fact that in two of his speeches or replies to addresses he has just managed to strike the very ideas and language of an oration on the Crown, by Mr. Demosthenes, a prominent ward politician in Athens; as well as those of Mr. Charles Knight on the subject of Magna Charta.

What better proof could we desire of the perfect fitness of Mr. Lorne for his exalted position?

THE *Cincinnati Saturday Night*, always a welcome visitor, comes to us in an enlarged form, and is an excellent specimen of neat and elegant typography. One of the most striking features of its contents is a number of short paragraphs and verses from the professional paragraphers and funny men of the country. The *Cincinnati Saturday Night* has PUCK's best wishes for its continued success and prosperity.

The Canadian PUCK is called *Grip*, and, considering that Canada is under the discouraging low-necked régime, it is a most creditable production. In one of the cuts the immortal Canadian Postmaster General is represented as speaking to PUCK and refusing to tolerate his presence in Canada unless he wears more clothes.

GERTY'S NECKLACE.

WHEN Gerty was a tiny girl
A year upon life's river,
To mark the day, I chose a pearl
As birthday gift to give her.
But feeling that her wants were few,
And that her gifts were plenty,
I thought the best that I could do
Was—wait till she was twenty.

As Time went by, with rapid flow
Of years of school and nursery,
A birthday meant a pearl, and so
With every anniversary.
Till came the day when Gerty's teens
Were left behind for ever,
And I discovered what it means
That blessed is the giver.

For though my gift was rare and rich
And worthy e'en of Venus,
She gave me one, the little witch!
That turned the scales between us:
A necklace, as the pearls I'd strung
As snow-white, was my fetter;
Around my neck her arms she flung—
And I was Gerty's debtor!

ARTHUR HOSTAGE.

PUCK GOES TO THE DOG SHOW.

CILMORE'S Garden, which has been the scene of so many triumphs of varied character, went in for three days of dogs last week.

The Show, it is almost unnecessary to observe, could not have taken place without the present of PUCK; and even if it could, it didn't, and be it understood there is more truth than poetry in this statement, as

MISS PENNIMAN,

of 536 Fifth Avenue, can testify by her delicious Pug of full pedigree in class 79 whose name is PUCK, and which was "very highly commended." PUCK, not the dog, on beholding this masterpiece of Mr. Nature in the Pug line, honored by being named after himself, drew forth his sketch book from the pocket of his swallowtail, and poising his crayon took a bold portrait of the animal, which is herewith presented.



PORTRAIT OF MISS PENNIMAN'S PUG "PUCK."

Possibly some of Mr. Pug Puck's friends may not be struck by the excellence of the picture, but we feel assured that if they look at it long enough the features will come to them in all their pristine and realistic beauty. It is a sort of realistic thing that grows on one.

There were other interesting objects in this Bench Show besides the dogs—and, by the way, why should it be called a Bench Show. True, the name sounds sporting and knowing, but outsiders, ignorant of subtle distinction between different breeds of dogs and other specimens of animated nature, might ask with some show of reason why it shouldn't be quite as appropriately called a Bureau or Old Arm-Chair Show as a Bench one.

The would-be swell dog fancier was on hand in all the glory of a pronounced 'Aymarket

get-up. He usually affected a checked suit, a horse-shoe pin, and a crook-handled cane, but, in spite of the correct costume, he was still quite too awfully American and wouldn't do a large amount of credit to the country at that.

There were some other dog-fanciers, accompanied by the happy female objects of their affections, whose fancy for dogs manifested itself by leading about with a chain the largest mastiff or setter they could lay their hands on—about this size, for instance—as an evidence of their connection with the Show.



The exercise was nice for the young men and the dogs; also for the young woman who gazed admiringly at the noble spectacle of man and beast. But there are some people who object to large dogs making a thoroughfare of their legs without previously being consulted about the matter, and who swear accordingly.

The omniscient young man, also on the English model, with his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, was present in considerable force. Some of him, to complete the British illusion, wore dress clothes and single-barreled eyeglasses, which had the effect, in their own estimation, of making them British aristocratic sports.

He, at times, would scorn the assistance of a catalogue, and astonish his female auditors by giving the breed and evolution of some of the dogs off-hand. This worked to a charm until he got his terriers, Scotch, Skye, Yorkshire, Black-and-Tan, Dandy Dinmont and Toy in a state of inextricable confusion.

He was just about pointing out the beauty of this pair, which he described as Bull-Terriers,



when he caught Puck's piercing eye and subsided for the rest of the evening.



We desire to call the reader's attention to the accompanying beautiful sketch of a prize Italian Greyhound.

Observe his curly tail—it is so long and pointed that by a beautiful provision of nature he is enabled to utilize it as a tooth-pick after he has been dining on the tin can of a pâté de foie gras.

If any lover of dogs reads PUCK with a view of getting a shadow of an idea of what the show was like, he will have never made a greater mistake in his life—but at the same time it will not prevent us from giving pictures of two noble creatures that quite captured us by their beauty, dignity and majesty.

The first is named "Giglamps," and his as-



tonishment at learning that he has at that moment been awarded the first prize is wonderfully well depicted, and entirely upsets the theory of those who assert that the canine features are not remarkable for expression.

The other animal whose counterfeit present we also have much pleasure in producing might, at first sight, be mistaken for a leopard; but he is not.



On the contrary, he is a dog of the dogonest kind. His breed is uncertain, but for the sake of argument we'll put him down as a one-horse carriage dog, or Dalmatian thoroughbred mongrel. He did not receive a prize, and his obvious mortification thereat is, we really think, much too serious a subject to jest about.

So we'll let up on dogs for the present.

PSYCHOLOGICAL.



"Yesh, I'm drunk. But 'f I'm drunk, how'm I shober 'nough to know I'm drunk? Zis shing ish gettin' to demn diff'cult f' me!"



How our Rural Visitors are Invited to Purchase.



View of West Street, showing how we do things.



Active Building Operations.

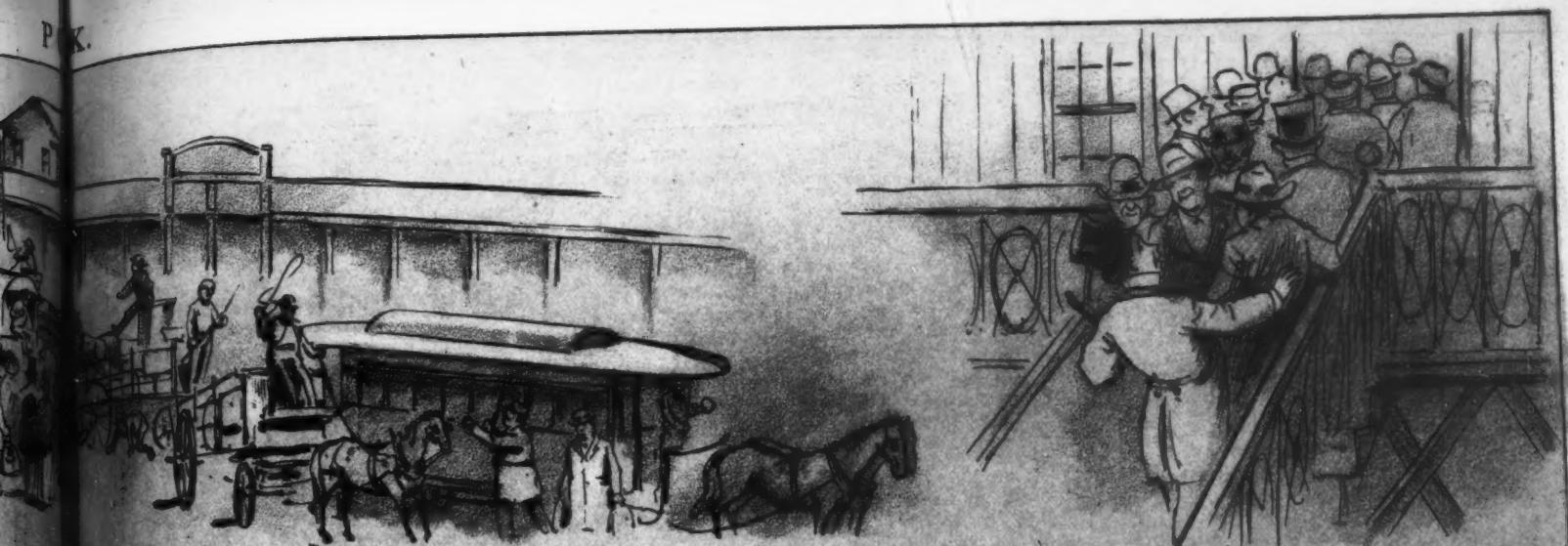


Rapid [Track] Transit for Old Ladies.

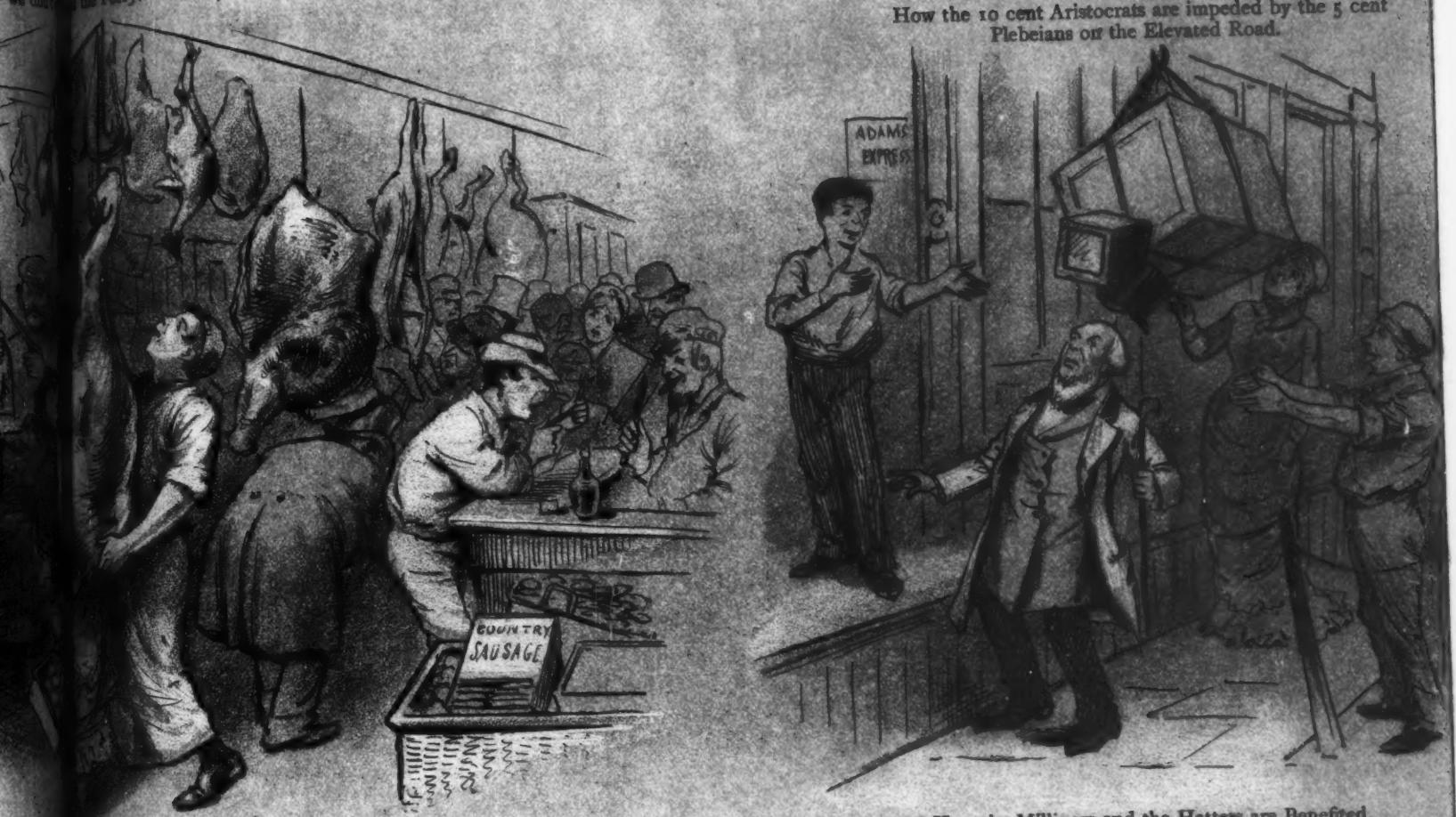


When the Thin Man has the Call.

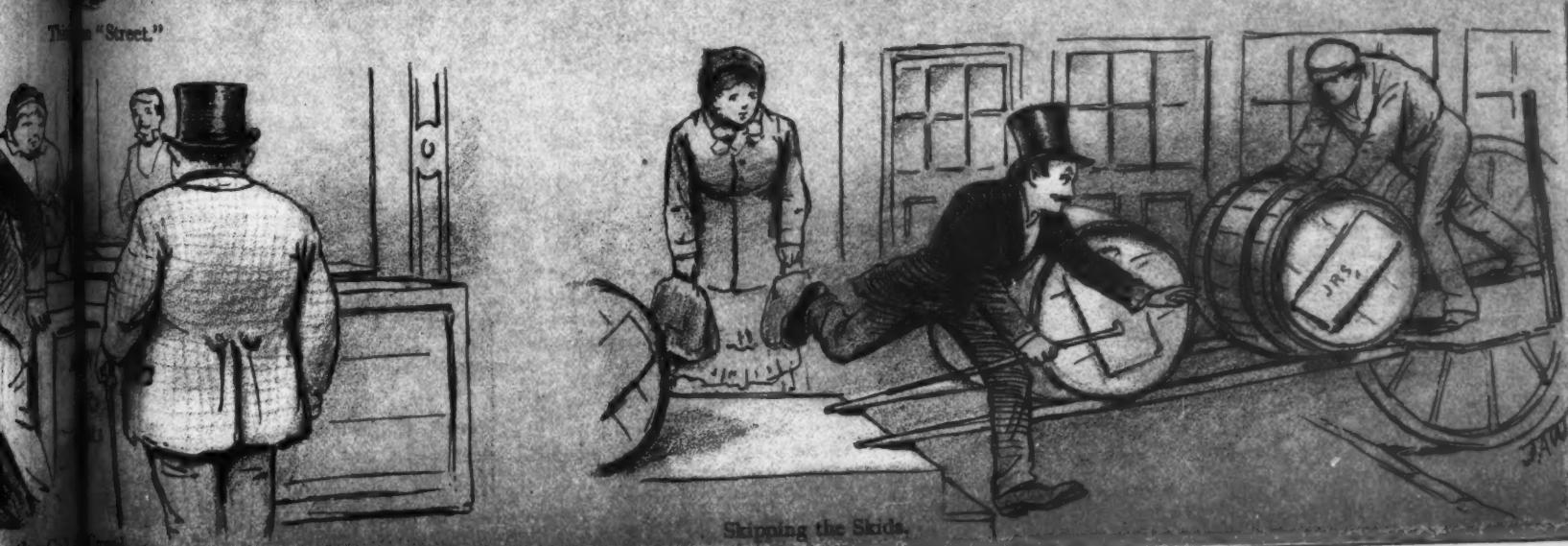
OUR THOR



How the 10 cent Aristocrats are impeded by the 5 cent Plebeians on the Elevated Road.



How the Milliners and the Flatters are Benefited.



Skipping the Skids.

THOROUGHFARES.

"SOME FUNNY VERSES."

"SOME funny verses"!—just my luck!
I really would *not* be uncivil,
But I could almost wish, dear PUCK,
Your editor were at the devil.
I must somehow discharge that debt,
And heaven knows where to get the money,
I don't—but, thunder, I forget—
I must be funny.

"Some funny verses"!—O, this tooth!
Its twinges drive me to distraction;
Compelling me, to tell the truth,
To woo a masterly inaction;
Nor read can I, nor write—you bet,
Nor walk, albeit the day is sunny,
Nor eat nor smoke nor drink—and yet
I must be funny.

"Some funny verses"!—let me see:
Suppose I write about the walking,
Or General Washington's pedigree,
Or Mr. Cameron's dear-stalking.
Ha! there's the bell; it *must* be Shaw,
He said he'd let me have that money;
Yes—no—ye gods, my mother-in-law!!
I can't be funny.

JOHN FRASER.

SPEECH OF RODERICK LARKIN, ESQ.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

REPORTED FOR PUCK BY L. C. E.

MR. LARKIN (*standing*).—Have I the flure, Mr. Chairman?

CHAIRMAN.—Bedad, ye luk as if ye had.

MR. LARKIN.—I want to call the attintion av yer honor to the fact that PUCK is makin game av us. Is this a free countrhy? I ax ye. An' if it is a free countrhy, what's to privint us from sitting on the bloody furriners that print PUCK? In the name av Raison, why shouldn't we? I appale to yer intilligence! In ould Ireland we had to behave oursels—bud here we are American citizens, an' it's a privilige av an American citizen to knock down the man that threads on the tail av his coat. I spake figuratively whin I charge PUCK with having throd on the tails av our coats; ay, an' on the tails av the coats av Brian Boru an' Malachi, too.

MR. MULCAHY.—I rise to a pint av arther Mr. Chairman, Brian Boru an' Malachi niver wore coats, an'—

MR. LARKIN.—Sit down, ye omadhaun; ye emissary av PUCK, sit down! D'y'e reflect on me knowledge av Irish history?

MR. MULCAHY.—Reflect on yer *knowledge* av Irish history, is it? Not I! You know as much about Irish history as ye do about Zoölogy.

MR. LARKIN.—Mr. Chairman, darlint, d'y'e hear him? Mulcahy, I'll make an *impression* on ye whin I get ye out.

CHAIRMAN.—Cum to arther, gentlemin. Mr. Larkin, will you g'wan?

MR. LARKIN.—I will, barrin' I'm stopped, an' bad luck to the man that stops me. Can't we shu PUCK fur defamatin av karakter, fur disthroying the mimiry av Brian Boru an' Malachi. "Paceably, if ye can; forceably, if ye must," is me motto. An' if we can't get damages av the spaldeen, sure we can damage the furriners thimsels. An' why not get that broth av a boy, the Hon. James O'Brien, to introduce into Congress a bill, obliging aich master av a vessel to take fifteen furriners wid him on every thrip from any pourt in the

United States? In the name av common sinse, why should we live in this country, if we can't have liberty? I move that ye appint a committee av three, wid mesel' as chairman, to wait on the Hon. James O'Brien, to state our gravances.

CHAIRMAN.—I appint Misthers Larkin, O'Donahue, an' Grady such committee.

The members, thirsty souls, had, one by one, been leaving the room to brood over their wrongs—"an' a dhrop av the crachur," particularly over the "dhrop av the crachur." The report of their proceedings, which I read to a quorum immediately before they adjourned, gave great satisfaction. I failed to state, however, that I intended to send it to PUCK.

THE RISE OF THE HAT.



This is where it began, modest and lowly-minded.



It began to get ambitious and got up a peg.



Wasn't contented, and took another jump.



And this is the look-out for the comming summer.

THEATRES

A "Clergyman's Matinée" is the latest agony of the BROADWAY Pinafore.

Miss May Croly is under the protecting wing of Miss Clara Morris, acting out West.

Aimée at BOOTH'S is testing the Pinaforec possibilities of "le Petit Duc," with the charming little Beaudet as *secunda donna*.

When "Engaged" goes from the PARK, the "Hovel of Mendacity"—we beg pardon—the "Palace of Truth" takes its place, and Gilbert will be interpreted by Mesdames Agnes Booth and Katherine Rogers, which is a team.

No "Caste" at WALLACK'S, after all. They propose to go in for the "Fast Family;" or, in the original Sanskrit, "la Famille Benoiton." But yet for a little while "A Scrap of Paper" remains to us, and it is our artistic duty to make the best of it.

As the SQUARE brings out "Lost Children" to-morrow night, we are unable at this writing to do adequate critical justice to the latest production of the Cazauranic genius and scissors; further than to remark that it will be mounted and acted in the style for which this popular house is—etc.

The "Pinafore" that was put on at the FIFTH AVENUE last week was chiefly remarkable for a charming *Buttercup*, and a fine *Captain* (Mr. William Hamilton), and a very mild *Admiral*: also a *Josephine* who was not particularly mild. We have before commented on Miss Ida Foy's piquancy as a *Cousin*. We wish she were ours.

The Easter Festival Reception and Ball of Palestine Commandery, K. T., No. 18, took place at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, on Monday last, and was a grand success, owing largely to the energy and efficiency of the chairman, Mr. George Ott, jr., and his committee; and also to the artistic master-mind that made its presence known in the decorations and scenic effects.

The friends of PUCK must not fail to attend an entertainment to be given at an early date at HAINES'S Pianoforte Rooms for the benefit of an afflicted highly-bred Britisher, who has severely strained the muscles of his neck, and who, for the time being, is perfectly helpless. The affair is under the auspices of Mrs. Francis Carter and other well-known charitable New York ladies.

At the BOWERY, week after next, Mr. John Mack brings out his drama of New York life entitled "Adèle, or the Saleslady." We are bound to state, in our capacity of newspaper men, we should have more sympathy with Adèle if she were a saleswoman; but the BOWERY likes its titles, as an Englishman likes his game, a little high; and the name need not militate against the success of the drama, which we hear is vigorous and effective.

Mr. Lester Wallack takes his company to the Brooklyn ACADEMY OF MUSIC, this afternoon, to play "A Scrap of Paper." The proceeds of the performance are to be devoted to the endowment of "an actor's bed" in the Brooklyn Homeopathic Hospital. Mr. Wallack, with characteristic generosity, gives his own services and those of his company and orchestra in aid of this most laudable object. Miss Mary Anderson gives up her matinée for the occasion. The house is already sold. So further remarks from us are superfluous.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—She isn't a he.

W. M. R.—We thank you, sir, we offer you our editorial benediction, and we desire to be understood as encouraging you to go on in your headlong course.

BLOOD AND THUNDER.

(Richard Dowling in Belgravia.)

(Concluded.)

THE girl looks into the dense darkness in terror, then at him in fear. That darkness is no more to her than the hideous cavern of night, through which she has to regain her home, miles out among ghostly houses; this man is to her only her mistress's husband, who has been drinking, and who is saying wild things, and for whom she has been sent in hot haste. Her throat is dry and her lips feel thick with dread, but she contrives to whisper:

"Master, missus is bad, and missus's sister says, sir, would you please come home at once."

He passes one hand across his flushed forehead, and with the other steadies himself by the window-frame. Then looking heavily at the girl he says:

"My wife is bad! Now, what do you mean by saying my wife is bad? Is it only what we have been expecting?"

"That's all, sir; but will you please to come at once: missus is bad—and—and—and I am frightened to go by myself." Here the girl covers her face with her hands and bursts into sobs.

There is something in the coincidence of this news coming at this time which arouses a strange conflict in Michael's heart. Here is he to-night in the city, surrounded by the accumulated triumph of a lifetime. There, beyond the river, far away through the thick darkness of his own creation, the hope of years is about to be fulfilled.

All that can be done for the cause is now effected, as far as his part is concerned. There is nothing more for him to do in town to-night. He would like to stay and watch the progress of his victory—but his wife? For a few moments he is plunged in a torrent of conflicting thoughts. Then he shakes himself, drops one hand from his forehead, and the other from the window-frame, and says to the girl:

"Come, Em'ly, I will go at once with you. We are yet in time to catch the twelve-twenty-four from Ludgate." Although his purpose is clear to him, his memory of recent things is almost wholly obscured.

Seizing the girl by the arm, partly to steady himself and partly to guide her through the deep darkness of the way, Michael Grame hastens down Farringdon Street in the direction of Ludgate Hill railway station.

The girl is too much terrified to notice anything but the hideous darkness and the appalling silence. He has now only the one thought in his head—to get home, and to get home quickly. Some terror of the enormity of his own act has stolen in upon him at last.

They reach Ludgate Hill railway station and enter it. He goes to the ticket-box. Shut! What's the matter? A porter answers:

"The strike. All the drivers struck at twelve."

"So they did," mutters Michael Grame. "So they did. It was part of my scheme, of course; but my head is confused. I have been working too hard. I've had too much mental strain of late. Of course they have struck."

"Oh! master, what shall we do? and missus bad, and all the lights of London out, and all the trains stopped!"

"Hush, Em'ly, hush, my good girl! I'll make it all right. I'll call a cab. We shall go home by cab." He then goes out of the station into the station-yard. No cab! They pass into the roadway. He puts his hands to his mouth trumpet-wise and shouts, "Hansom—Four-wheeler." There is not a soul in view, not a footfall in his ears. "My God!" he

cries, "I have forgotten the cabs have struck too!"

"Oh! master, what will become of us? Can't we take the 'bus or tram?"

"Girl, they have all struck—all the men that drive for hire in London. Come, there is nothing for it but to walk."

"Oh! we shall never get home," cries the girl, "and missus will be dead of fright. Couldn't you send a message to her, sir? couldn't you send a telegram? we can't be home for better than an hour. She'll be dead with fright."

He pauses to think a moment; puts his hand to his head again, and tries to think. At length he whispers into the girl's ear, "No, I can't telegraph; I'm not sure that the Cumberland office is open so late; anyway, there is no one in any telegraph office in London now. They, like the engine-drivers and cab-drivers, are all gone too. Come, let us walk."

The girl moans and clings to him, and they walk on towards Blackfriars Bridge. He is unsteady, and she is weak from terror; as they enter upon the bridge she feels that it will take them hours to get home. She is afraid to leave him, and yet, in her faithful pity for the wife of the man, she would risk anything to send news of him to her.

"Master, couldn't we get some one to run on and say we are safe? It would be so good for missus to know; then we could take our time and go home at our ease."

He has forgotten his own precaution about the candles. He sees something in what she says. But where are they to get a messenger? The place is quite deserted; they are now about half-way over the bridge. He hears men talking across the way; he cannot see any one, but he hears the voices. He tells her to wait where she is, and he will try to get a messenger among the men over the way.

He crosses, and finds three men in one of the recesses. They are close together.

"Will one of you run out to my place in Shakspere Road, Herne Hill, as fast as you can, with a message?"

"How much will you give?" asks a gruff harsh voice.

"Half-a-crown."

"Not good enough; we're on strike too, ain't we, pals?" This is evidently regarded as a fine stroke of wit, for all laugh loudly. That laugh tears harshly through the mortal stillness of the hour. There is no sound of vehicle, or of steam-engine, or of footsteps; nothing disturbs the muffling pall of silence but the lapping of the river on the Surrey shore, the faint weird whispers the water makes around the piers of the bridge, and this odious laugh of these three unseen men.

"Well, half-a-sovereign if you do it in three-quarters of an hour," answers Michael Grame, who, considering all he has done for men, thinks it hard that he should be obliged to haggle with these as to price.

"Show us the time and your money," says the biggest of the three men. Michael Grame can now see the outline of the upper portions of the three men against the sky.

"Here are wax matches," says Michael Grame, "strike one."

One of the men, not the tallest, strikes a match, and, shading it in his hat, holds it inside the parapet. Michael Grame pulls the bag out of his trousers pocket, opens it, pours the gold into his hand, and, having selected half-a-sovereign, returns the rest of the gold to the bag, and then the bag to his pocket. Holding up the half-sovereign between his finger and thumb in the light of the match he says, "Will that satisfy you? Now I'll show you the time."

"Thank you," says the tallest of the three men, taking the half-sovereign; "this will do on account; but we'll find the time ourselves.

We're on strike too"—the match is out—"that is a specimen of our strike." Michael Grame reels beneath a blow, and suffocates under the pressure of an arm drawn violently around his neck. He feels a tug at his watch-chain and a tear at the pocket where he has put the gold; then he becomes unconscious.

"He ain't dead?"

"No."

"What'll we do with him?"

"Shy him over. He don't deserve to live. Took us for honest workingmen, damned if he didn't! Shy him over, I say. He took us for honest workingmen, so I say he don't deserve to live, and shy him over."

"Give him one chance—shy him clear of the bridge."

"Well, I'm agreeable. One chance. Shy him clear of the bridge."

"Well, I'm agreeable. One chance. Shy him clear. One, two, three—now!"

Splash-sh-sh.

"Oh master! Oh master!"

"There's a woman over there. Let's run."

Next day, Saturday, the *Evening Standard* had the longest and best accounts of the previous eighteen hours. The following is a condensation of the newspaper description:

"Obedient to a secret plan of long standing, at midnight yesterday the greatest strike London has ever known commenced. Beyond some vague hints in a contemporary, the public knew nothing of the impending calamity until the gas of all the city suddenly went out at a few minutes past twelve o'clock. Alarmed by this terrible event, people rushed from their houses to learn the cause and seek an explanation. They were met by news which may fairly be said to have paralyzed the stoutest hearts. The facts were briefly these: An arrangement had been come to between the Independent Metropolitan Engine-Drivers' Association, the London Gas Stokers' Society, the Universal London Horse-Drivers' Association, the Postal Telegraph Hand-in-hand Amalgamation, the River Craft Union, and the Wapping Institute for the Protection of Seafaring Men, that each and all of these would at twelve o'clock midnight on the second of November strike without making any previous notification of their resolution to their employers. At the time appointed this fearful conception was carried into effect. It was the intention of the workingmen, or rather a small section of their leaders carried away by the eloquence and persuasion of one man, to aim forcibly by this means at their employers, and at the same time to place before the general public in a most powerful way the importance of the workingman. The result was that from midnight last night until this hour of writing, two P.M., London has been almost wholly deprived of artificial light, of the means of communication with any other portions of the empire or the continent, and of all internal vehicular locomotion.

It is but just to the workingmen to say that, notwithstanding their awful responsibility in producing such a terrible situation, they have in no way added to the confusion arising from their criminal rashness. But no sooner did the state of things become generally known last night, than Rapine awoke and shook itself, and stalked forth into the dark deserted ways, and did such deeds as will make the readers of later generations shudder. Howls and shrieks and yells and cursings and piteous prayers broke the quiet hours. Men and women thought that the Day of Judgment was at hand, and the wrath of Heaven had been let loose; then they fell upon their knees in prayer. Later on, discovering it was only the vices of man that had been unshackled, they abandoned their prayers, arose from their knees, and gave up all thought of finding mercy, and surrendered themselves to despair.

Elsewhere we give a catalogue of some of the awful deeds hidden beneath the darkness of last night and revealed by the light of today. For a considerable time to come we must expect additional disclosures; but many of the deeds, many of the foulest and most undreamable will never be made public. They have been swallowed up in the Maelström of that night's saturnalia of crime.

It was, we understand, the intention of the men who struck to hold out for a week, but already they stand appalled and humbled under the shadow of their awful deed. We have it upon excellent authority that at four o'clock this afternoon all the men will once more return to work and relieve the city from an enforced separation from the rest of civilization, and deliver it from the tyranny of the prodigious monster made absolute king of London when the Light went out."

"Who is that?"
"It is I, Michael."
"Is that Jane Ilford?"

"Yes. I am come to take you home, Michael. The doctor says you are strong enough to go now, and I have a cab waiting for you."

"How are Helen, and—our daughter?"

"Well. They are both getting on nicely. Helen was sitting up as I came for you."

"Take my hand and lead me. You know you must lead me now."

She takes her brother-in-law by the hand, draws his arm within hers, leads him down the long passage between the beds, down the stairs, and out through the hall to the open air. A cab stands waiting for them at the hospital door. It is the afternoon of Saturday the tenth of November.

They drive quietly through the busy streets to Shakspere Road. Although he is discharged from the hospital, he is still very feeble. The injuries he received on the bridge, the terrible shock sustained by him when he was flung over, and his long immersion before he was picked up by the passing coal-barge, all have shattered and weakened him. He wears no spectacles now.

At last they arrive, and he is led by his sister-in-law into the room where his wife lies. She is propped up to receive him. Across her lap rests their child, a week old.

The wife puts her arms round the husband's neck and kisses him, and smiles, and says after a little pause, "Won't you kiss our daughter?"

He raises himself and says, "Place her in my arms."

"Take her." The mother lifts up the infant.

"Place her in my arms, Helen. Men ill-used me on the bridge that night, and now this one has gone too"—he touches his left eye with his hand.

"She was born, sir, in the middle of the Great Dark," says the nurse, laying the sleeping infant across the blind father's arms.

He stoops and kisses the child, then hands the child back to the mother, saying sadly, "She was born in the middle of the Great Dark that I made thinking brighter light would come out of that darkness for those I loved. She was born upon the beginning of this Great Dark that was made for me when the lights were out. Almighty maker of the darkness and the light forgive me, and let me have light to see her and all of these—in the Hereafter!"

[END.]

THERE is only one object in the world which will attract a young lady's attention from the handsome young man whom she meets on the street, and that is another woman with a hat two laps ahead of any style she has yet seen.—*Bradford Era*.



Puck's Brihanges.

A CIGARETTE.

Sweet solace of my idle hours,
On some soft purple afternoon,
Or when the languid Javan flower's
Embroidered by the silvery moon.
Your smoke, more softly blue than starland,
Entangled in day's amber beams,
In many a quaint and pretty garland,
To me 's a violet maze of dreams.
Wherein I see a film of laces
In downy draperies lightly swing,
And turn to dim Etruscan vases,
From whose pale, languorous bowers spring
White hyacinths and Persian roses,
And trees in wavy foliage drest:
Upon your sleep-like wing repose
The balmy spirit of peace and rest.
But now is done your delicate reeling,
Your arabesques are put to rout,
For while you lie against the ceiling,
My fragrant cigarette is out.

—N. Y. Star.

DR. SMITH, of Tennessee, says to all who send communications to the press:

Write upon pages of a single size,
Cross all your 'i's and neatly dot your 'i's.
On one side only let your lines be seen—
Both sides filled up announce a verdant green.
Correct—yes, correct all that you write,
And let your ink be black, your paper white;
For spongy foolscap of a muddy blue
Betrays a mind of the same dismal hue.
Punctuate carefully; for on this score
Nothing proclaims the practiced writer more.
He should have added to the above:
And when your article is done with care,
According to directions full and fair—
Then tear it up or put it in the grate,
And ten to one you'll live to bless your fate.

—Unknown Exchange.

IN the season known as Adam's fall,
At home or in the garden,
If Eve received or made a call
She wore a dolly varden—
Of simple fig leaves, thus attired,
In low-necked dress nor thought of a'
The Scottish style that's now admired,
At Highland flings in Ottawa.

—Toronto Gossiper.

SHE handed him her album,
In which to write a line
Of friendship, love and flowers,
Splendiferously fine.
She murmured, as she got it back,
In rather pettish tones,
You might have written something besides
Yours truly, T. A. Jones.

—N. Y. Star.

PROFESSOR QUINTON declares his belief that at some future age of the world man will have attained such a complete mastery over the forces of nature as to be able to communicate with his fellows over long distances and from country to country merely by the exercise of his power. When this period arrives our wife can halloo over the back fence to Queen Victoria and ask her whether she intends to have her new spring silk made up with a Camargo basque displaying the vest, or a shirred front with bouffant back drapery—or somehow that way. And every man will be his own Atlantic cable.—*Norfolk Herald*.

JUDGE not, lest ye be shot.—*Chicago Times*.
THE Esquimaux will allow no troops at the polls—that is, at the North Pole.—*Boston Post*.

AT the present rate of subscription, the Archbishop's Purcell soon be full again.—*Boston Post*.

IT is dangerous to ask a woman idle questions when she is adding up a grocery bill.—*N. Y. Star*.

CUCUMBERS make good food for pedestrians. They would cause them to double quick.—*Bradford Era*.

IT is no longer wicked to go to the theatre. We predict a great falling off in attendance.—*Rochester Express*.

A WHITE-CAPPED breaker—a male cook who handles earthenware with destructive carelessness.—*San Francisco Wasp*.

NATURE is drunk; the very buds are on a "bust."—*Waterloo Observer*. She is simply having her "Spring Opening."—*Ottawa (Kan.) Republican*.

A WHITEHALL dog tried to drink ten quarts of milk in ten consecutive hours, on Thursday. He made 347 laps and tipped over the dish.—*Whitehall Times*.

THE telegraphic columns having been sadly remiss in doing their duty, it devolves upon this department to kill the New Jersey peach crop.—*New Haven Register*.

A WISCONSIN editor has just died of apoplexy superinduced by over-eating, and all the other journalists in that section are dying of envy.—*San Francisco Post*.

THE New Orleans Picayune says that old age needs an easy chair and a pair of slippers.

Yes, and youth needs a pair of knees and only one slipper.—*N. Y. Herald*.

A SOMERVILLE girl who rode from Union Square to Boston in a crowded horsecar, sitting on a young man's knee, says she made the entire distance in one lap.—*Somerville Journal*.

"IT may be," says Heffelspin, "it may be that a man and his wife are one, but I notice that when I come to pay the weekly board bill the landlord doesn't think so."—*Rome Sentinel*.

JEFF DAVIS had his pocket-knife sharpened the other day, and certain Republican journals immediately declared that the South was preparing for a new rebellion.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald*.

PAUL BOYTON is now on his way down the Mississippi river, but the States bordering on that stream haven't as yet offered a reward for the steamboat that runs him down.—*Phila. Kronicle Herald*.

WHY is a river like Wall Street, New York?—Because there are banks on either side.—*Danbury News*. Yes, and in all the bull-rushes upon them you will find plenty of Moseses.—*Baltimore Ev. Sat.*

IT is going to cost England \$10,000,000 to kill ten or a dozen Zulus. It costs more to kill a Zulu than it does an Indian. Our government never pays more than \$200,000 for killing an Indian; and a white man—well, in this country you can kill a white man for almost anything you are able to pay a lawyer.—*Hawkeye*.

A NATURALIST has discovered that crows hold a solemn court at which offenders are tried—a sort of crowbar. We presume no bird is tried without caws and that a true bill is necessary in every case.—*Toronto Grip*.

MISS McFLIMSEY's dog is dead. In the midst of his morning's bath, while covered with lather, he broke away and ran into the street, and immediately the people began to ascend lamp-posts and trees, and finally a policeman came along and shot the animal, and all the papers chronicled the first mad dog scare of the season.—*Boston Post*.

It will perhaps be interesting news to some of our contemporaries to learn that that distinguished young fool, Lord Lorne, does not happen to possess the authority to forbid the circulation of PUCK or any other paper in the dominion. Indeed, if some of our writers were half as well informed in regard to the government of the country from which they come as they are of the art of fabricating imaginary letters, they would know that even the young man's Royal mother-in-law has not the power, of her own volition, to prohibit the circulation of any paper. In this matter, the truth is, that a lick-spittle ministry sent notice to all newsdealers holding stamp licenses that their license would be forfeited if they kept the paper alluded to for sale. Of course this was a piece of insolent bounce which a high-spirited people would not submit to; but then, perhaps the people of Canada are not high-spirited.—*San Francisco Wasp.*

THE Zulus have established a precedent—that is, they have Cetewayo doing things.—*Boston Post*

SITTING BULL has seen PUCK's picture of Senator Burnside, and he is perfectly crazy to get at the man he says "has a scalp on each side of his face.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald.*

THE trees in the north woods of this State are all in bad condition this spring, having received so many bullets and buck-shot intended for deer and bear by fancy hunters.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE fact that the American continent contains so many bald-headed men is what riles the red savage, but the Government does not seem to have discovered this important fact yet.—*San Francisco Wasp.*

YOUNG man ignorant of chess—"Patrick, what is giving 'stale mate'?"

"Faix, an' av ye tuk yer grub where meself does, ye'd soon get yer information. Stale mate is it? ow! ow!"—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

PARAGRAPHERS may yet have cause to combine against the Chinese. Ah Sin, a Sixth street laundryman, winked his almond eye the other day and remarked that he wasn't the biggest Ah Sin in the world after all.—*Cin. Saturday Night.*

A MAN was found dead after the recent thunder storm, but as he had a copy of last week's PUCK in his hand, the coroner's jury were unable to decide whether he was struck by lightning or split his sides laughing.—*Toronto National.*

A MAN out west recently looked down the muzzle of a rifle, and at once took his departure for the Summer Land. Instead of putting the epitaph on his tombstone of "Didn't know," etc., they inscribed it "Gunned to glory."—*Bradford Era.*

A COLLECTOR of old porcelain thought to please a friend by offering him a draught of water from one of his rarest ewers, and was sublimely disgusted with his friend's remark that the fluid "tasted a little Bric-a-Bracish."—*New Haven Register.*

"ILLUSTRIOS potentate," says the King of Siam to his guest, General Grant, "are you to be the next emperor of America?" Then smoked Ulysses mused a little while in silence, and made answer very gravely, "Yes, Siam."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

TENNYSON is paid by the magazines at the rate of a guinea a line for poetry. Having been a spring poet ourselves previous to contracting the smallpox, which eradicated the disease, we have some little sympathy for spring poets, poor fellows, and merely insert this item to encourage them not to think of the rolling river or the cup of cold pisin yet awhile, but to wait until the fever has reached its height. If they do not then receive a guinea a line, the sooner life is extinct the better.—*N.Y. Com. Adv.*

THE editor who wrote: "When the schoolmaster sat down upon a bent pin, he suddenly arose and remarked, I did not see that 'Pin-a-fare,'" has been publicly assassinated by a mass meeting of his fellow citizens called for that purpose.—*Modern Argosy.*

SUGAR, the chemists tell us, is composed of coal and water. Now, if the grocers would only remember this, and put coal in the sugar, when they feel compelled to mix it, instead of sand, it would be very gratifying to their customers.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A YOUNG man who went into the country, introduced himself to a spring hen-roost and heard something go off very like a shot-gun, simultaneously explained his absence and lameness to his friends upon his return by saying that he had just got back from Leadville.—*Wheeling Leader.*

"Howdy this morning?" says an acquaintance to a fat citizen, who is blowing and steaming with great speed along the sidewalk. "Training for a walk?" "No," puffs the fat citizen, turning his bulging eyes neither to the right nor left; "I'm walking for a train."—*Rockland Courier.*

IT has been proved that the strength, care and thought expended by the average housewife in coaxing a weak-chested, hollow-backed, consumptive geranium up two inches, would lift a ton weight three-quarters of a mile and raise a thousand dollar mortgage out of sight.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

"To fall in love with a plain-faced but noble-mannered and interesting girl, has become one of the prevailing usages of New York society," says the *Home-Journal* of that city. If this strange fashion could only be introduced in Boston, what a Bonanza it would be to the young ladies there.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A DIAMOND weighing 400 karats—the largest in the world—was recently found in India. During the past few weeks the owner has received twenty-seven letters from young Americans who will act as clerks at seaside hotels the coming season. It is easy to imagine the object of the missives.—*Norristown Herald.*

"THE Choctaw Indians prohibit flirting in their churches." And this is the reason why a Choctaw church contains as few young people as a woman's rights convention. The boys go down to the old mill and play "seven up" for fire-water, while the maidens sit in the bay windows at home and throw kisses to the dozen or two Chicago drummers who happen to be in town.—*Norristown Herald.*

A young lady was sitting with a gallant captain in a charmingly-decorated recess. On her knee was a diminutive niece, placed there *pour les convenances*. In the adjoining room, with the door open, were the rest of the company. Says the little niece, in a jealous and very audible voice, "Auntie, kiss me too." I leave you to imagine what had just happened. "You should say *twice*, Ethel, dear; *two* is not grammar," was the immediate rejoinder.—*London World.*

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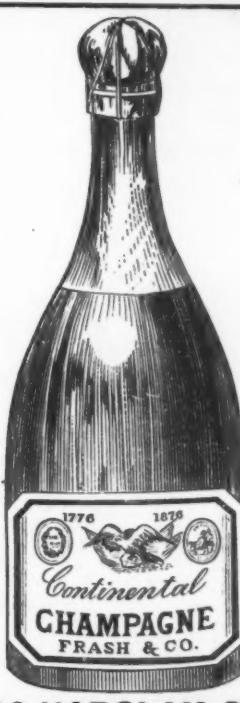
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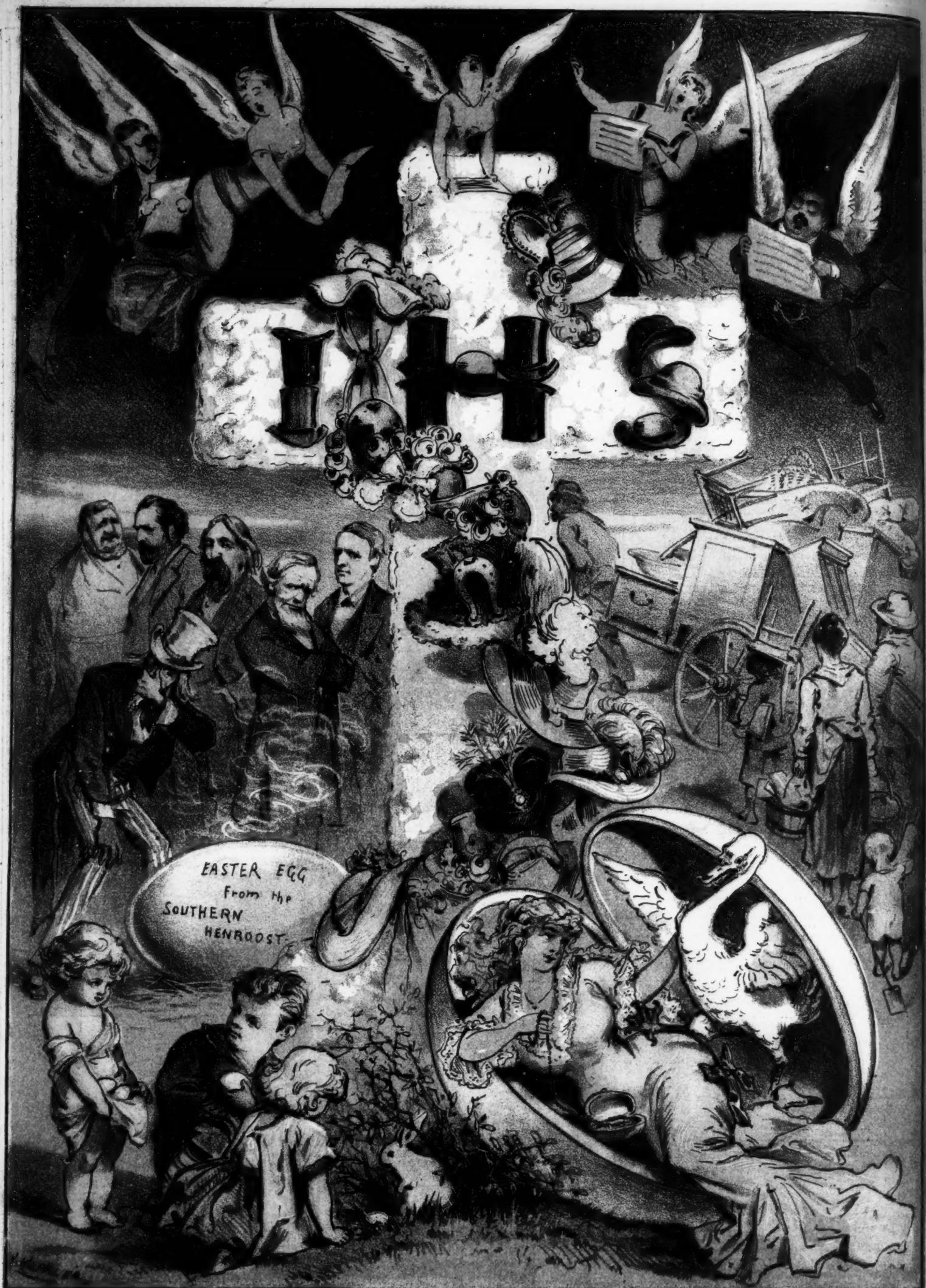
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